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NOTES OF THE WEEK.

Early on Wednesday Sir Douglas Haig began a new attack on a front from the north-west outskirts of Lens to Bois Hugo, north-east of Loos. The German first lines of defence were carried at all points and all objectives secured. The Canadians carried by storm Hill 70, our attempts against which cost us dear in the Battle of Loos nearly two years ago. Its elaborate defences proved useless, and we captured also on the same day the villages of Cité St. Elizabeth, Cité St. Emile, and Cité St. Laurent, as well as Bois Rasé and the western half of Bois Hugo. Our casualties were slight, while the enemy's losses were heavy, his repeated counter-attacks being repulsed or broken up.

On Thursday another attack was undertaken by the Allies on a wide front east and north of Ypres. All the objectives aimed at were again secured, and the British troops in the centre went farther and, crossing the Steenbeek River, captured the village of Lange-marck, in spite of the difficulties due to copious mud. By the evening Sir Douglas Haig had already announced a haul of over 1,800 prisoners.

The Papal Eirenicon is "a day behind the fair." The Pope has missed a great chance of re-establishing his moral prestige throughout the world. Not one word of condemnation has issued from the Vatican of the massacres, tortures, and enslavement of Belgium; not a syllable of reprobation has fallen from the holy lips whilst Louvain and Ypres were sacked, the fairest portion of France turned wantonly into a black and smoking wilderness, and prisoners of war starved and maltreated. The Holy Father beheld unmoved the dropping of bombs on defenceless towns like Lowestoft and Deal, and the sinking of the *Lusitania* and the *Sussex* elicited no reproach from the Vicegerent of Christ. To talk now of "complete and reciprocal condonation" is a little too much.

What have the Entente Powers done that requires condonation? On the contrary, they have turned the other cheek to the smiter: foolishly in our opinion. We have refused to bomb Cologne Cathedral, and we have replied to the horrors of Wittenberg camp by the pampering of Donington Hall and the Alexandra Palace. The Pope tells us that he remonstrated privately; but the whole value of such a remonstrance is that it should be made *urbi et orbi*. Why did the head of the Roman Catholic Church (the armies of Bavaria and Austria are of his fold) not protest publicly against enormities which have shocked the world, and for which there can be no condonation? The only answer can be that His Holiness was afraid of offending the two Emperors. There was a time when the Emperor held the Pope's stirrup, and another when the Emperor lay in the snow at the Pope's gate waiting for forgiveness. To-day the Vatican is, in Tennyson's words, "The slowly fading mistress of the world."

But though the Pope has lost his prestige, and having been the accomplice is now the dupe of the Kaisers, so important is peace that it is worth while to briefly examine the vague bases proposed. If by "the freedom of the seas" be meant the total prohibition of the use of submarine ships) we fancy that the Entente might and would accept it. The prohibition of the construction of armed airships and air machines of all kinds is also essential. From what Mr. Long said the other day in moving the Colonial Office Vote, we gather that our Colonies are willing to allow the German Colonies to form part of any bargain for peace. Will Germany evacuate Belgium and France and agree to a plebiscite about Alsace and Lorraine in exchange for her colonies? The whole question of Eastern Europe, of Poland, Serbia, and Asiatic Turkey must be relegated to a *post bellum* conference. The questions between Austria and Italy as regards the Trentino and Trieste might probably with a little goodwill be settled between those two Powers.

In his speech on the adjournment of the House of Commons the Prime Minister made no allusion to the Pope's encyclical on peace. He dwelt on the food position, and showed that there were a million more acres under cultivation than at this time last year, which would mean a great addition to our supplies. At the same time he admitted that the harvests of the world had been below the average, and that the strictest economy was therefore necessary unless the common reservoir of the Entente Powers was to be unduly depleted. With regard to submarine losses the Prime Minister pointed out that by confounding gross with nett tonnage and by a little mendacious arithmetic the Germans were able to cheer their own people and their allies, and even to impress some neutrals. Our actual nett loss of tonnage is between 50 and 33 per cent. less than the figures circulated by Germany.

The general impression in the House of Commons when Mr. Henderson made his explanation was that a vain and stupid man had been hoisted into a position for which he was unfit. His speech was confused, dull, personal, and irrelevant. But what on earth do people expect when they take the secretary of a trade union and force him into one of the highest political posts in the Empire? Politics are a grand game, which has been played for centuries by great men according to certain established rules. Mr. Henderson does not understand those rules, as how should he? Mr. Henderson deceived his colleagues in the Cabinet and misled the Labour Conference by suppressing certain facts in his possession. When the Press and the Prime Minister point out to Mr. Henderson that he has not run straight, he is genuinely surprised.

Whenever there is a glorified muddle, like this Henderson-Stockholm business, it is well to extract and arrange the facts, which are as follows: 1. Two or three days before the meeting of Labour delegates Mr. Henderson gave the Cabinet and four other members of the Government to understand that he would oppose the sending of delegates to Stockholm. 2. It is contrary to the common law of England for a British subject to meet an enemy in conference without the permission of the Government, which Mr. Henderson was told would not be given. 3. The Governments of France, Italy and the United States had decided not to send representatives to Stockholm. 4. On the day of the meeting of labour delegates a telegram arrived from the Russian Government (a copy of which was in Mr. Henderson's hands) declining to participate officially in the Stockholm Conference.

Mr. Henderson did not tell his labour delegates any of these facts, but he advised them to send representatives to meet German and Russian Socialists at Stockholm, provided that the Conference was to be regarded as consultative and not mandatory. How the decisions of the Stockholm Conference could be mandatory, seeing that no member of any European Government was to be present, is not apparent. It is difficult to believe that if the labour delegates had been told that all the Entente Governments were opposed to sending anyone to Stockholm, they would have voted in favour of sending thither Messrs. Henderson and Macdonald. Mr. Henderson has been replaced in the Cabinet by Mr. Barnes, and it remains to be seen whether organised labour will back Mr. Henderson or Mr. Barnes—that is to say, whether the labour parties will support or defy the present Government.

The Prime Minister had the courage (for the second time during the war) to tell organised labour that though it was much, it was not everything; that the trade unions were not the nation, but only a section of the nation. The Prime Minister also said plainly

that, as far as he was concerned, he would not allow anyone to go from this country to Stockholm, whether as labour delegate or private person. Suppose that the Labour Conference next week supports their Executive and Mr. Henderson and demands passports for him and Mr. Macdonald, what will happen? Mr. Lloyd George has never shown himself deficient in courage, and after what he has said his Government must refuse those passports. Luckily for all parties, the House of Commons will rise on Monday or Tuesday.

A contributor from the recesses of the Liberal Party tells us, in another part of the REVIEW, that Mr. Lloyd George will be out, and Mr. Asquith in, before Christmas. Who knows? Mr. Asquith, in his few words, made a clear bid for the votes of the Labour Party, and took Mr. Henderson under his wing. Yet he said one awkward but true thing. The whole of this "misunderstanding" proved, according to Mr. Asquith, that a man could not serve both God and Mammon, that he could not be a Cabinet Minister and the secretary of the Labour Party. Yet, if our memory serves us aright, it was Mr. Asquith who first seduced the Labour leaders from their true allegiance by places in the Government. It is a remarkable fact that having tried in this war a Liberal Government, a Coalition Government, and a Lloyd George Government, no one ever thinks of a Conservative Government.

The Conservatives are the largest and the most united Party in the House of Commons and in the country. Why, then, do the Conservatives not call upon the nation to support a Conservative Government? For the obvious reason that the Conservatives have no leader. Mr. Asquith has a party, Mr. Lloyd George has a party. What Conservative statesman has a party? The time has arrived when the Conservatives should say to Mr. Lloyd George, "Under which king, Bezonian?" Is it to be King George or King Labour? If you are for King George we will follow and fight for you. If it is King Labour we will fight you, rather than suffer what Australia has suffered and is suffering now.

A writer of a letter in the "Times," signing himself "Watchman," asks, "Who are the British people?" If he can answer that question, not asked for the first time, he will indeed be a wise watchman. But if he thinks that the middle class can save us from the tyranny of organised labour he is living in a fool's paradise. The middle class never did, never can, and never will save a State, because it has no rallying point and no organisation. Let "Watchman" watch what is happening in Australia, where the citizens enjoy the blessing of a Labour Government. The middle class—i.e., the best part of the community—is absolutely at the mercy of the trade unions, who twice since the beginning of the war have held up the train service, the lighting, and the shipping of Sydney.

The middle class has done splendidly in this war. The city clerks, the lawyer's clerks, the tradesmen, accountants, counter jumpers, so long the butt of the novelist and the moralist, have turned out to be the best soldiers Great Britain ever had, better than the celebrated infantry of Wellington. They are powerful to-day, these middle-class men, because they are armed and acting together in masses. But disband your armies, and dismiss these men to their homes in the suburbs, and their desks in the City. At once they become powerless and once more at the mercy of the engineers, the seamen and firemen, the railway men, the miners, who will resume their former organisations, by using which they can at any moment say

to society: Hands up! Or you shall have no coal, no light, no food. When Aristotle said the middle part was the strongest he had no conception of a modern State.

The chapters of Mr. Gerard's book, as published in the "Daily Telegraph," are disappointing. The ex-Ambassador has a good story, which he does not tell tellingly. One feature stands out, the intense and vulgar egotism of the Kaiser. When the question is one of the blockade and submarines the Kaiser regards it from a personal point of view. "Rather than allow my children and grandchildren to starve, I will blow up Windsor Castle and the whole Royal Family of England." He also said that "the French were not like the French of 1870, and that their officers, instead of being nobles, came from no one knew where." Thank Heaven, the French of today are not like the French of 1870; but when it comes to the nobility of officers, the French officers, coming from no one knows where, are princes compared with the drunken butcher barons and counts who command the Kaiser's army. Edward VII. was right when he said that his nephew was a cad.

Let us all be grateful to Sir George Cave for issuing a police order to stop whistling for taxi-cabs by day as well as by night. The scarcity of taxis and of servants has made the shrieking whistle an intolerable nuisance. You will see a servant girl or a page boy standing on the steps of a house or club with a whistle between their teeth, blowing away for twenty minutes with that delight which all young persons take in noise. The Home Secretary has also called the taxi-drivers to order in the matter of parleying with fares, but he has not stopped their smoking when carrying a fare, as he ought to have done. Sir George Cave does not puff a cigarette or pipe when sitting on the Treasury Bench, though when we have a Labour Government perhaps Ministers will adopt that habit.

Those of us who are inclined to grumble at the coal rations (half a ton a week for a house of thirteen or more rooms is absurdly little) should remember that in Paris coal costs £12 a ton, and that hot water is obtainable in hotels and flats only once a week. In Christiania, where coke stoves are generally used for house warming, coke can only be bought at £21 a ton, and the Norwegian winter is not particularly mild. We are all anxiously waiting to know at what prices we are to get our half-ton a week, and how we are to get it. Last winter the trouble was to get the coal transported from the railway depôts to the consumers' cellars. If the local authorities—i.e., the borough councils of London—are to be made responsible for delivery, well and good. The borough councils have plenty of labour at their disposal. The parish coal porter will be even more welcome than the dustman.

Few men have a better opportunity of diagnosing the causes of juvenile crime than a London police magistrate, and none of our Metropolitan stipendiaries takes a more earnest interest in his work than Mr. Cecil Chapman. Addressing a meeting of Oxford Extension students the other day, Mr. Chapman pointed out that the increase of crime among children could not be ascribed to the absence of the fathers at the front as there was a similar complaint of juvenile delinquency in neutral countries. Mr. Chapman declared that "the artificial darkness of the streets led to an increase of 50 per cent. of the crime." Other causes are: (1) The greater occupation of the mothers; (2) the increase in the wages earned by the children; (3) cinematograph shows; (4) "the general excitement and demoralisation due to war talk and war conditions."

The prospects of the general election in Canada are confused and lowering. The Conservative Party

seems united in its support of Sir Robert Borden and Conscription. But the Liberal Party is divided by the triple issue which it is called on to decide. Canadian Liberals have to answer three questions: (1) Shall there be a Coalition Government—i.e., one composed of Conservatives and Liberals—to win the war? (2) Shall we ratify the Conscription Act? (3) Shall we follow as our leader the French Canadian, Sir Wilfrid Laurier, or shall we choose a British Liberal? The intense bitterness caused by the indifference of the French Canadians to the war, and the advice of the Roman Catholic clergy of Quebec to abstain from enlistment, make a fusion of parties under Sir Robert Borden almost impossible. Sir Wilfrid Laurier's speeches have made the unity of Canadian Liberals impossible.

Most people have been puzzled to know how it is that, in face of the scarcity of petrol and the difficulty of obtaining a licence, so many ladies are still gliding about the town in large motor-cars. We were let into a part of the secret the other day. A lady who is in the habit of dropping a few flowers and vegetables at some of the hospitals asked the commandant of one of them to apply for a licence for her as doing Red Cross work. The licence was applied for and granted.

The *rentiers*, living on the interest (in many cases reduced) of capital (in all cases diminished), and the owners of land living on rents which they may not enforce, are being bled white by income-tax, super-tax, and increased cost of provisions, coal, and light. They would be more than human if they did not feel a little sore at the sight of the bursting opulence of the shopkeepers and the working classes. The trains leaving for the South Coast are so crammed with holiday-makers that very often departures have to be postponed for a day because seats cannot be found. Brighton and Eastbourne have been literally invaded by Whitechapel and the Edgware Road, and the old *habitués* of these resorts complain bitterly of being pushed out by "the new rich," who are spending freely the spoils of war. The proprietors of the hotels and boarding-houses do not, however, lament, agreeing with Vespasian that "money does not smell."

In the clatter of the Stockholm-Henderson controversy the return of the Sinn Feiner for Kilkenny by a majority of two to one has passed unnoticed. This particular Sinn Feiner, Mr. Cosgrave, is not, so far as we know, a convict, and he has been good enough to say that he has no quarrel with the English people, but only with the British Government. "They" [i.e., the Sinn Feiners] "would not be dominated by Germany, and if Germany tried to dominate, then Irishmen would give her the proper answer." This reads like a patriotic declaration, and might almost have issued from the lips of General Page Croft, M.P. What puzzles us a little is how the Independent Irish Republic, without a navy and without an army, is going to give "the proper answer" to an attempt at domination by General Hindenburg or Admiral von Capelle.

Lord Hugh Cecil drew attention to Lord Rhondda's connection with the firm of Mitchelson and Co. Mr. Bonar Law missed the point when he said that Lord Rhondda was entitled to maintain his connection with a reputable firm. No one doubts the respectability of Messrs. Mitchelson; the question is, what is the nature of their business? We believe that they may be correctly described as financiers and company promoters. As such, they must in these times come into contact with Government offices, and particularly with the Fresh Issues Committee of the Treasury. Lord Rhondda gives up his directorships but retains his shares. When we are told that Lord Rhondda has made great pecuniary sacrifices to join the Government, we are inclined to repeat Mr. Burchell's "Fudge!"

NOBBLING AS A FINE ART.

WE might define the gentle art of nobbling as capturing by flattery and kind attentions, playing on the weak points of a man's character in order to convert him, cajoling, captivating. The nobbler is a clever and deep person; the nobbled is generally vain, shallow, and weak. Labour members, for some reason or other, are notoriously easy people to nobble. The Germans had found this out at least as early as the spring of 1909. Let us illustrate their nobbling tactics by the case of Mr. Arthur Henderson. On 19 March of that year behold Mr. Henderson an honoured guest of the International Arbitration League: the Lord Chancellor is in the chair and on his right hand is Herr von Kuhlmann, now Foreign Minister, then Councillor of the German Embassy. Mr. Henderson announces amid cheers that he and some thirty other Labour members are going over to make friends with their German comrades in the Whitsuntide holiday. On 5 April following Mr. Henderson is telling the good people of Birmingham that "the Labour Party are called the 'Little Navy' Party, and they are not ashamed of the nickname." "The Labour Party," he added, "did not believe there was any danger." How could there be any danger when the Labour Party had been invited to go to Germany? In the House of Commons about the same time Mr. Henderson is rebuking the wicked Tories for suspecting Germany on a "mere assumption," and entering upon a spirited defence of "the great nation against whom so many things had been said." Then came the visit. It was a tremendous success. Not only did twenty-four Labour members go over, but "their families and their friends." They were fêted everywhere—not by the Socialists of Germany, who took no part in the beanfeast—but by the German autocracy itself. In Frankfurt they had a famous luncheon in the Palm Court; in Berlin they were welcomed at a luncheon by Herr von Bethmann-Hollweg, then Minister of the Interior, and Herr Dernburg bade them a tearful farewell at a no less sumptuous dinner. Baron von Berlepsch, a Prussian Minister, was President of the Reception Committee, and the Chief Burgomaster of Berlin was a prominent figure in the festivities. The Labour members were naturally overwhelmed at this disinterested kindness, and with one accord told their hosts that in the "race of armaments" England, their own country, was the chief sinner. Mr. Ramsay Macdonald, as we need hardly inform our readers, was no less prominent than Mr. Henderson in these delightful exchanges of compliments and confidences.

Then came the war, and Mr. Henderson ought to have realised the meaning of the festivities of 1909. He ought to have seen that he had been nobbled, and he ought to have resolved to walk more warily thenceforth. Perhaps he did. For three years his conduct was that of the blameless patriot. He was a reformed man. But then came the invitation to Russia. Mr. Henderson went. There was doubtless another orgy of nobbling. Mr. Henderson was flattered: he was told that the hopes of young Democracy rested on him, and on him alone, and that the future of Russia depended in some mystic way on his ability to induce his country to send him (and Mr. Ramsay Macdonald) to meet their German comrades at Stockholm. Again Mr. Henderson was nobbled. He returned home "converted," as he tells us, or, as we should rather say, a backslider. His course from that hour was devious and dark, for, being nobbled himself, he was bent on nobbling others. We do not know the whole story, but certain facts are clear. The very day after his return he advised his Party to send delegates to Stockholm, and to send him and Mr. Ramsay Macdonald to Paris to nobble the French Socialists. They agreed. After these preliminaries were arranged, and only twenty-four hours before his impending departure, he told the Government. Mr. Lloyd George was then in Paris and Mr. Bonar Law was his *locum tenens*. Mr. Bonar Law belongs by his very nature to the category of the nobbled. When Mr. Henderson told him that he

meant to go to Paris on what was a diplomatic mission and the business of the Foreign Office, it might surely have occurred to Mr. Bonar Law to tell Mr. Henderson that he was not to go. Mr. Henderson, after all, was a member of the Government, and anything he did was bound to involve the Government. But Mr. Bonar Law, like the lady, hesitated and was lost. Mr. Henderson went to Paris with Mr. Ramsay Macdonald, to the delight of the Germans and the indignation of the Allies. When he returned Mr. Lloyd George began what might be called a counter-nobble. He succeeded—or so it is said by eight of his colleagues—in persuading Mr. Henderson that Stockholm was a mistake, and that the Russian Government did not want it. Mr. Henderson indignantly denies that he was counter-nobbled; but eight against one, even when they are all politicians, may be admitted as evidence, and there is besides Mr. Henderson's letter to Mr. Lloyd George as constructive corroboration. Mr. Henderson was then entrusted with the mission of counter-nobbling the Labour Party. This would have been easy if Mr. Henderson had been permanently counter-nobbled himself. But he must have been re-nobbled by Mr. Ramsay Macdonald and Mr. Snowden between the time he left the Cabinet and the time of the Labour Party Conference. At any rate, he sent a communication to the Press, denying that he was no longer in favour of going to Stockholm—stating, in other words, that he had never been counter-nobbled.

He then proceeded to nobble the Labour Conference by suppressing material facts. Needless to say, the Labour Conference fell. In the meantime Mr. Lloyd George had wakened up to the situation; but it was too late. Mr. Henderson had again kept his Cabinet colleagues in the dark while he worked upon his Labour colleagues. In these circumstances we cannot share Mr. Henderson's indignation as to the scurriness of the treatment he received from the Prime Minister. If Mr. Lloyd George wrote to the Press before he wrote to Mr. Henderson, Mr. Henderson had written to the Press before he wrote to Mr. Lloyd George. That Mr. Henderson was a member of the Government, and therefore owed loyalty to his colleagues and to his chief, never seems to have entered Mr. Henderson's head. In his simple reaction to the nobbling processes he behaved as a purely irresponsible individual. And that the Cabinet should have treated him with a certain—what shall we call it?—caution seems to us the least surprising feature in this surprising story.

But the upshot is that the Governments of the Allies have all resolved to refuse to let their Socialists loose at Stockholm, and in this decision they are probably right. For, as we have seen, Socialists can be nobbled with the greatest ease in the world, especially by foreigners. For some obscure reason your Socialist will always believe a foreigner before his own countryman. It is probable therefore that if Mr. Henderson and Mr. Ramsay Macdonald went to Stockholm they would be nobbled by the German Socialists, and would end by saying in Sweden what in 1909 they said in Germany—that it was all England's fault. If it is objected that the Labour Conference has instructed them in the opposite sense we reply that such instructions do not matter in the least. A Labour member is no more secured against nobbling by his instructions than a lady is secured against seduction by her stays.

WILL THE NAVY ACT?

MANY people are now beginning to say what most people have long been thinking. We are all bewildered and gravely anxious over the naval situation. Englishmen are always slow to criticise Admiralty policy. For one thing we know just enough about "the sea affair" to be aware how technical it is, and how difficult it must be for landmen to form a sound opinion upon it. Secondly, to blame the Admiralty looks like disparaging the officers and

crews of the ships, and that is the last thing any of us can wish to do. And, again, we have been brought up in a tradition of the invincibility of our maritime arm. It is our pride and mainstay; our unspoken motto is, "The Fleet can do no wrong." We feel that the great strategists and administrators who direct it, trained by actual command of its squadrons, versed in all the learning of the sea, must know better than we what things are possible, desirable, and safe. So we have kept an uneasy silence until at length it becomes necessary to speak, and to speak plainly.

The truth is that the British Navy has failed to play that part in the Allied scheme which friends and foes alike assigned to it. Its achievements in this war have fallen as much below expectation as those of the British Army have surpassed it. Three years ago nobody would have anticipated that we should be able to put into the field a land force capable of bearing the main brunt of operations against the strongest military Power on the Continent of Europe and conduct simultaneously several minor, though still very serious, campaigns elsewhere. But everybody imagined that our Navy, with three or four other great navies to help it, would have exercised a dominating and decisive influence upon the whole war. Our Allies are pleasantly surprised by the amazing development of our military strength and resources; they are disappointed, though they may be too polite to say so, at the comparative weakness of our maritime policy. It is true we have hunted the German commerce from blue water, and enabled millions of men, and tens of millions of tons of stores and munitions, to be transported across the seas. This is much; but it is not enough. More was looked for, and with justice.

It was believed, at home and abroad, that the naval superiority of the Allies would paralyse the maritime energy of the enemy, and go far to offset his own superiority in organisation and equipment on land. An insistent and relentless offensive would shake his nerves, menace his coasts, and inflict upon him the demoralisation that accompanies a feeble and ineffective strategy of defence. What human being could have imagined that in the fourth year of the war Britain, not Germany, would be on the defensive; that the British battle fleet would have only succeeded in fighting a single great naval action, and that an indecisive one; that the enemy's coasts and harbours would be immune while our own were constantly raided; that British vessels could often be sunk by hostile agency within a stone's throw of our beaches; that British commerce would be held up by a blockade which intercepted and destroyed cargo by the hundred thousand tons weekly?

The first letter of our political alphabet is that we must keep the command of the sea or perish. Have we the command of the sea? On paper, and by the rules of arithmetic, we possess it as no Power or combination of Powers ever did before. We cannot, of course, say what our present naval force is. But taking the published pre-war figures the British, American, French, Japanese, and Italian navies count something like four times as many battleships and cruisers as the German and Austrian; and the proportion is now probably higher, for we have been building with frantic speed during the war and adding new and mightier units to that Grand Fleet which is locked away about our estuaries. It is astounding and disheartening that this overwhelming armada cannot prevent some two or three hundred German submarines from playing havoc with the world's commerce: that it can do little apparently but wait and watch, and bid us eat less food and build more merchant ships, in the hope that only some of these will be sent to the bottom. It is we who are on the defensive, a singularly tame and

humiliating defensive, for the first time almost in our naval records.

The cardinal axiom of Mahan, and every other writer of repute on maritime war, is that the function of the stronger fleet is to seize the initiative and keep it. The fight should be carried right up to the enemy's sea frontier and waged there with remorseless energy. That is what our best sailors wanted to do, and intended to do, at the outset till they were held back and turned away from the enterprise by the politicians. Here the Dardanelles Report is extremely instructive. It is evident, from the account of the famous War Council of 28 January 1915, and from other passages, that this was the plan of action which Lord Fisher and Admiral Wilson had in mind and were preparing to execute. They opposed the Dardanelles Expedition because it would divert force from the paramount purpose. The Commissioners decline to state what the Admirals' objective was; but their references and omissions leave no doubt upon the matter. It is plain that Lord Fisher and Sir Arthur Wilson proposed to carry the war into German waters, to set up a close blockade of the North Sea coasts, to dig out or stop up the submarine earths, perhaps to let the Navy fight its way into the Baltic, and generally to take aggressive steps of one kind or another against the enemy's bases and his fleets. It was with this end that monitors and other new and strange craft had been constructed; and it was to pave the way for these movement that the combined air and naval attack was made upon Cuxhaven, an attack which if it had been followed up and repeated again and again would have shaken Germany more than a whole series of bloody battles on the Meuse. It was never followed up. The whole offensive scheme was vetoed by the Cabinet; not merely because they wanted the ships for the Dardanelles, but because they thought the alternative policy intolerably dangerous and impracticable. But was it? Here we have a conflict of authority. On the one side were Lord Fisher, the chief professional expert, and Sir Arthur Wilson, recognised as the greatest living naval commander and strategist. These eminent sailors urged the offensive; they were overruled by a group of lawyers and party politicians and an ex-lieutenant of cavalry. The sailors resigned or sulked into silence; the amateurs and talkers abandoned the tradition of all our naval history and told their admirals—some of them, unhappily, timid men only too willing to receive the advice—that they must above all things be cautious and take no chances. The results we see to-day.

The spirit of the Navy is as fine as ever. That is shown by the magnificent daring of the destroyers at the Horn Reef, by the splendid dash and skill of the "Broke" and her consort in that brilliant little fight in the Channel, and by many other episodes in this war. But a chill seems to have settled upon the higher command. There has been a reluctance to run risks and accept responsibility, a strange and novel disposition to play for safety, as if the uncertain game of war could ever be won in that fashion. Have we forgotten that some of our most signal triumphs at sea were gained by commanders who faced desperate hazards: as when Nelson steered his fleet among the Nile sands, and when Hawke "took the foe for pilot and the cannon's glare for light," and threw his ships into the rocks and shoals of Quiberon Bay?

In this war our admirals have shown a different temper. The idea of rushing the Dardanelles by naval force alone was sufficiently foolish; yet we have it on the authority of Enver Pasha himself that the thing could have been done if we had pushed on resolutely and risked the loss of a few more vessels. At the battle of the Falkland Islands Sir Frederick Sturdee was so anxious not to get his ships hurt that he never closed to short range, and spent several hours in disposing of a squadron immeasurably weaker than his own in gun-power and speed. We

are satisfied with the highly unsatisfactory battle of Jutland, and acclaim our Commander-in-chief a master of tactics, though he allowed a far inferior fleet to escape with very little more damage than it inflicted. One wonders what they would have said in the days of Rodney or Duncan if a British admiral with, say, thirty of the line had come upon a French or Dutch fleet of twenty-two and had been content to drive it back to harbour instead of crippling or annihilating it. What they would have said (and done) in the days of Byng we know.

The battle of Jutland was a British victory, but it was not the kind of victory which would have gratified our forefathers. In the summer of 1805 Sir Robert Calder, with fifteen sail of the line, encountered Villeneuve off Cape Finisterre with twenty-seven. In spite of this disparity of force Calder attacked the enemy; but after fighting an indecisive engagement he broke off the action and allowed the French and Spaniards to escape with the loss of two ships. For this he was recalled, deprived of his command, court-martialled, and reprimanded. It did not occur to anybody to load him with honours and promote him to the highest post at the Admiralty.

Is it too late even now to abandon our supine defensive and make full use of the immense naval superiority of the Allies? We must hope not, though the position is far more difficult than it was three years or two years ago. Yet it seems that the difficulties must be met and the risks taken. We cannot break the U-boat blockade by waiting till some heaven-born American genius invents a patent mechanical antidote to submarines, or by piling up cargo ships at a rather slower rate than the enemy is destroying them. The bold offensive, which might have ended the war long ago if it had been adopted when Lord Fisher and Sir Arthur Wilson wished, must be resumed. Rumour suggests that this is the meaning of the latest shifts and changes in the Whitehall general staff. But it is not of much avail to weed out the secondary officials when there is weakness at the top. If Sir Eric Geddes has the firmness and insight with which he is credited he will disembarass himself of his chief professional adviser. Sir John Jellicoe is an amiable and high-minded gentleman, a most distinguished and, within his limits, a very capable naval officer. But he has shown himself too ready to accept the over-cautious programme of the politicians. He has been so obsessed by the idea of the Fleet in being that he has missed his opportunities for delivering an effective stroke with his cherished Dreadnoughts and battle-cruisers; he has restrained rather than stimulated the fighting quality of the Navy; he lacks the resolution, the swift energy, the strategic instinct, which the situation demands. In any case, he has been exposed to the strain of supreme direction, on sea or on shore, for three years, and that is more than most men can stand with impunity. He should be invited to take the repose he has earned, and his place should be filled by an officer who has studied the history of maritime war, who possesses vigour as well as judgment, and who is determined that the British Navy shall be guided by the principles and methods which gave us success and security in the past and have never failed us yet when rightly applied.

THE WAR ON ALL FRONTS.

IN the turmoil of fighting proceeding with greater or less intensity along fifteen hundred miles of front in Europe alone, people have long ceased to attempt to follow the success or failure of attack and counter-attack in detail. It is futile to mention the ruined villages, the little scraps of shell-torn wood, the ridges and peaks of hill or mountain, the brooks, rivulets or rivers which are taken and retaken, crossed and recrossed. The names of half are unpronounceable, the position undiscoverable on any available map. More-

over, to attempt to record these things minutely is, in the majority of cases, only to confuse the values of the events which are shaping the way to victory and defeat. The issue will be decided by moral force, not by physical. The physical movements of the armies are important as showing the moral force which animates them and the populations which lie behind them and reflect their own tenacity in the armies. A weekly review of the war on all the fronts must, therefore, be a broadly limned picture dealing with general tendencies rather than with particular events, except on the occasions when, after long periods of careful preparation, a decided leap forward is taken.

It will be convenient to deal first with affairs in the Near East, where Mackensen is thrusting sore at the reconstituted Roumanian Army, which is gallantly resisting him with the somewhat inconstant aid of the Russian detachments in this quarter, and where the Austro-German armies are attempting to push their way to Kieff and Odessa from the borders of reconquered Galicia. The Russian resistance here is "streaky." Where their units are staunch the assailants make but little headway, and are not infrequently routed with loss both of prisoners and guns. Elsewhere, the lamentable demoralisation, due to idealists and traitors, still shows itself, with the result that no firm line of resistance can for the present be established. Despite this instability, however, the enemy's progress is slow, and the whole of the fighting is south of the Pripiet. It is evident that his offensive is undertaken with light forces, and that he has been unable to concentrate for a heavy blow. If Kerenski and Korniloff are able to get the country and the armies in hand the Germans may yet have cause to regret the failure of patience which precipitated them into an offensive which threatens the soil of Russia with invasion. Russia is Holy Russia yet to her sons: not less so but more because the peasantry looks to possess itself of the soil.

The attack on Roumania is a far more serious business. How serious may be seen by the intention of the Court and legations to leave Jassy and take refuge on Russian soil. Mackensen is probably the greatest military figure the war has produced in the enemy armies, and he has far the largest concentration of enemy forces under his hand, albeit his army is mixed in its constitution. The annihilation of Roumania, as of Belgium, Serbia and Montenegro, would be a spectacular demonstration of the power of the Kaiser's "destructive sword," such as past experience has led us to expect at this time of year. The value of the Roumanian army is still an unknown quantity. It acquits itself well on the battlefield; but it has not shown the power of resistance which might be expected from its supposed strength. No doubt lack of material prevents a full deployment in the fighting line. The converging drive of the enemy up the Sereth and along the Trotus Valley places our Ally in a very dangerous position unless the Russian resistance further north hardens considerably. Of this there are some signs, and we must remember that the revolutionary reports acknowledge reverses with much greater bluntness than did those of the Czar's Government. The Bulgar-Austro-Germans have a weak hand, and they may pay pretty heavily should the Russians find themselves in a position to call their bluff.

Meanwhile, the Salonika Army remains in an attitude of masterly inactivity—of necessity, not of free will, no doubt. The French Press has been busy expounding the value which its presence in the new Torres Vedras has for the cause of the Allies. The arguments are, no doubt, sound so far as they go; but, unhappily, they do not carry us very far. Its presence is insufficient to keep a great part of the Bulgar army off the back of the Roumanians, and the threat which it is supposed to offer to the communications of the Central Powers with Turkey in Asia does not appear to interfere seriously with the offensive which Falkenhayn is said to be preparing against the British in Mesopo-

tamia and Palestine. The whole situation in the Levant and Aegean and Adriatic calls for the energetic use of sea power. Perhaps there are indications that such use is to be attempted. The arrival of more Japanese ships, for instance, has been officially announced. It will be worth while to watch events in this region during the next few weeks. It would be particularly gratifying if any action of ours could give assistance to the Italians in their gallant struggle, and thus show the sympathy which every Britain feels with their national aspirations. It is plain enough from the stagnation of their front that they need help to pick the lock of the Carso, in face of the increased force which the Russian failure has enabled the Austrians to range against them. But it would be folly to expect too much unless and until the submarine campaign can be drastically dealt with at its source. As regards Falkenhayn's preparations, matters have not yet advanced sufficiently far to gauge their seriousness. The campaigning season has not yet begun either in Palestine or Mesopotamia. But, despite the undoubted ability of the commander, there is nothing in the situation to cause apprehension.

Nothing has developed on any of the other fronts to modify the prospects of the campaign in the West. The British are now in firm possession of all the positions taken on 31 July, some of which were temporarily lost owing to counter-attacks, and have even advanced slightly beyond their high-water mark on that glorious day. The French have markedly enlarged their success about Bixchoote. Sir Douglas Haig steadily refused to be "rattled," either by the false enemy estimates of his intentions and achievement or by the dismal Jimmies at home (who ought to know better) who describe the success of 31 July as a "wash-out." We ought to have perfectly clearly in our minds by now what the plan of the Commander-in-Chief is. The liberty accorded to the troops to go beyond their defined objectives on any given day is strictly limited. If here and there they do, no attempt is made to hold the advanced points at any great cost, though the Germans are made to pay as dearly as possible for their recovery. In almost every case in recent battles the points from which our men have been pushed back by counter-attack have been points seized in advance of the objective they were expected to reach. When due preparation has been made for their incorporation in the line they are once more recovered.

German attacks on the Chemin des Dames and on the Meuse have continued, but with much diminished ardour. The dash and tenacity of the French are as great as ever, and the egregious heir to the German Emperor is no whit nearer his crown of imperishable laurels. The picture which Hindenburg has made in his mind of France bled white and Britain choking with the "halter" which the U boats have put round her neck is not reflected by the facts of the war. Although the break in German *moral*, noticeable at the end of the Battle of the Somme, has for the present been repaired, partly by the actual if cheaply bought successes on the Eastern front, partly by valiant lying, the superiority of the British and French infantry, man for man, remains very marked, and it is worth noticing that the rifle is coming by its own again. If the New Army do not quite reproduce the incontestable superiority of the bowmen of Crecy and Agincourt as did the Army of Mons, at any rate they have developed a proficiency which makes a fire fight with them a costly and bloody affair for the Germans. How long the German army will retain its spirit against an enemy whose superiority in artillery, in infantry fighting, and in the air is apparent enough to the men in the field, however it may be with the newspaper correspondents, is the question on which the duration of the war depends.

The enemy's power of resistance is not yet broken; his power of offence is, whether on the Eastern or the Western front. He can no longer effect the great concentrations of men and material necessary for successful attack. A sudden stroke in an unexpected

quarter would topple over his defensive power also. That is the end to which those who believe in the use of sea power are looking. With the destruction of German sea power the Allies would obtain that "great liberty" of which Bacon speaks. Events are moving in this direction.

THE IMPORTANCE OF BEING CONSERVATIVE.

A VAST number of people in this country are unconscious Conservatives, and it is most important that their consciousness should be stirred. The crisis of Britain is being much exploited by what we can only describe as a confederacy of cranks and caballers—there is no limit to the "cloud-cuckoo-land" of their hopes and activities. Even Home Rule for India was loudly advocated by baboos in the Park on the recent Bank Holiday, and everywhere "rights" are being urged that, if conceded, would unstitch both national and Imperial union. The Coalition Government—so invaluable were it a fact—betrays signs of becoming no real union of hearts. And when it is urged, as so often and so flimsily, that we have suffered from party run mad, the truth is not only concealed, but reversed. For some twenty years we have had no great or definite parties at all—only the names of them, and there are few dangers so grave as that the nominal should swamp the actual. By real parties—that is to say, by truly organised and sharply set public opinions—the national life is preserved. To inclose it embalmed in an expensive coffin decorated with hieroglyphics is to mummify it. When parties degenerate into groups or corporations we creep into a false world.

Disraeli once defined the party which he inspired as one "to assist progress and resist revolution." That was a wise and a fine and a living definition. It embodies what every sincere patriot of every shade of opinion ought to desire. All along he struggled against oligarchy or despotism, however masked. All along he strove for a "popular" Government—one that works through institutions characterising the country, infinitely adaptable to the spirit of the age, and ballasted by that constitutional "balance" which prevents any one element from proving arbitrary or absolute. All along, too, he strove for a real and varied representation corresponding to character, and against every doctrinaire or cosmopolitan derangement. He knew that men it is who make measures, and not measures that make men; that the touch of human nature quickens, that a mechanical humanitarianism kills. Across the seas he recognised to the full that our foreign policy should forward "British interests abroad," and not the experiments of particularists. He purposed "Empire and Freedom," and he advocated an Amphictyonic Council of Colonies long before anyone else had even dreamed of it. He wished to plant and acclimatise the best democratic ideals on the rich native soil, to foster organic growth rather than spasmodic or subversive abstractions. He abhorred mere solvents, and, like Burke, disdained to dose the body politic with daily "sublimates of mercury." Throughout he regarded Great Britain not only as part of history, but as the leading part, and he mistrusted all those offensive democrats who would have her stand on their want of dignity.

On a *chagné tout cela*. Just as the exclusive Whigs were replaced by the theoretic Liberals, they in their turn have been supplanted by Socialists with a penchant for the Deluge. Much as they praise the Flood, however, they cling most tenaciously to the Ark of officialism. Indeed, their bureaucratic bias is fast banding them into an "organised hypocrisy." While they extend altruism to the universe, no Grand Hotel is immune from their clutches—and, indeed, some Grand Hotel of Europe is their panacea. They are huge monopolists in a sentimental guise, just as the exclusive Eldonite Tories were small monopolists in

the fancy dress of common sense. The old Liberalism is now as dead as King Bentham, and the old Radicals have also stepped down from their commercial pedestal and are joining in the Jacobin *carmagnole*. The confused spectacle would be comic if it were not so tragic. "Jacobinism," exclaimed Burke, "is the revolt of the enterprising talents of a country against its property." And, again, "I call a commonwealth *regicide* which lays it down as a fixed law of nature and a fundamental right of man that all government not being a democracy is an usurpation." Here we have, at any rate, two strong leanings in what passes for "Liberalism" to-day—a Liberalism that is mainly liberal at the expense of quality. It is the label of a new wine affixed to a conveniently old bottle, but neither Walpole nor Macaulay—no, nor Gladstone—would like the liquor. This new vintage is the new, unlimited "Democracy," and this New Democracy is what the same Burke indignantly called "Jacobinism by establishment."

England is a wonderful treasure-house, and, in no material sense, there is evidently still much to conserve. One would imagine, therefore, that there would be leaders of Conservative convictions. One would also imagine that Conservatism would be confronted by those who desired more extensive reforms or those who demanded shorter cuts to them. Where are all these great parties now, quite apart from the transformations of war? They have walked two by two into the Ark above mentioned, and are genially competing with anarchists.

Where, then, is the great Conservative party—"Vere is dat barty now?" In the parliamentary sense it has vanished, if we except such criers in the wilderness as Mr. Bowles and Sir Frederick Banbury. To object to tentative Jacobinism applied in haste and repented of at leisure is branded as "reactionary." But as a matter of fact, and not of convention, Conservatism, if it could only find freer vent and voice, is infinitely more alive than the disruptive forces. Mr. Smillie may crack his whip to the joy of the Syndicalists, he may roar about Russia, and whistle to miners of a golden age when all shall be rich and everyone a slave. Political advertisement may distort patriotism into an acceptance of revolution. But Conservatism hides deep down in the recesses of British nature. It is an instinct and a habit, not a fashion or a debauch. The very reticence of Englishmen belies the worshippers who perpetually shriek "Great is Democracy—of the Milesians."

Gilbert made his reflective sentry sing that

" Every child that's born alive
Is either a little Liberal or else a little Conservative."

But, despite a love of distraction, most children, we maintain, are born "little Conservatives," who cherish their oldest dolls in preference to more pretentious playthings. Nor are they fond of bestowing pennies on somewhat mythical missionaries. It may be unregenerate, but so it is. That it is so may be seen in the very attitude of those "Labour Leaders" who have sought to pervert Labour. Whenever some change in trade union regulations is invited for the national interest they always put forward the hardship of surrendering "rights" won by "long years of struggle," oblivious, however, of the fact that the Trade Disputes Acts are only about a decade old. By the same token the politicians who pamper them are fond of urging that Labour is so "Conservative." But all this hardly tallies either with the red flag or with what seems the motto of the new "democrat"—"Your capital is my income." We never heard that Conservatism means the conservation of a neighbour's purse, or that to stand and deliver and glorify the highwayman is the whole duty of man.

Take the great middle class—the backbone of the nation, patriots to the core. They are naturally most conservative, and if their sympathies have been partly alienated from what was once the Conservative party, it is because it has come to lack leadership, initiative,

ideas. Nor have many of the middle class the leisure to analyse undercurrents. In old days their thinking was done for them by great political protagonists on the floor of St. Stephen's. Now it is the newspapers to which the middle-class eye is glued in the Tube or the train. The middle classes, after a hasty glimpse of news and comment, rightly say: "Let us get on with the war." They have no time or taste for discerning the political obstacles speciously interposed. Yet their instinct is sound and shrewd enough. When they read that Mr. Henderson has taken Mr. Ramsay Macdonald in tow they smell a rat. They ask, too, why the secretary of the Labour Party should combine his office with that of a Cabinet Minister when Cabinet Ministers are not allowed to be directors of companies that expect large dividends. When they see Ireland fermenting or "Home Rule for India" re-raised they know that some screw must be loose, but they hope for the best, admit that the "difficulties" must be great, and again ejaculate "Let us get on with the war." When they hear of "Reconstruction" secretly concocted with Lord Haldane to help, they murmur and grow a little more restive—but what is one to do? There are no parties now. And in that sense they are the muddled Middles.

Matthew Arnold used to rail at the middle classes as "Philistines"—because they were imperceptive. But they have never been imperceptive where decency and order are concerned. They stand for decency and order, and the Socialists abhor none so much as the *bourgeoisie*. A monthly revolution for the finest ideas would undo the world. This is what the middle classes think deep down in their hearts. They love their country first, and mankind afterwards. But unless they get organised before it is too late, they will stand dumb before shearers who assert that the golden fleece is a public heritage. Let them—let us—get organised. It is the only way. And the only way to get organised is to revive the Conservative party. Drifting, scolding, shutting both eyes and ears, bewilderment, a puzzled acquiescence will not avail. That is why we venture most emphatically to urge the importance of being Conservative.

MR. ASQUITH AND HIS PARTY.

By AN OLD FOGEY.

FOR the successful sensation drama, whether home-made "shocker" or Transatlantic "crook" play, there is one invariable ingredient—the character who survives all the vicissitudes of the plot to turn up smiling in the last act with the key to every mystery in the piece in his possession. He may be a "sleuth" seeking the whereabouts of a pearl necklace, a patriot "out" to foil the machinations of a spy, a professional criminal "wanted" by the police. At one point of the evening he may be thrown, bound hand and foot, into a safe of which the combination lock takes even the initiated ten minutes to open; he may have a couple of revolvers pointed at his head and a bayonet prodding him in the back; he may find himself in a sixth-floor flat with the myrmidons of the law guarding every point of egress. To the sophisticated audience the result is never in doubt. At the final fall of the curtain our man will occupy the centre of the stage, whilst his discomfited opponents look on at his apotheosis from the wings.

To his friends in the auditorium watching the course of the national drama Mr. Asquith appears in a similar light. We have seen him, gagged and helpless, unceremoniously bundled off the scene, have noted the general assumption of the other actors that he was out of the plot for good, but, like the experienced critics we are, we await the next act, confident that our hero will turn the tables on his assailants and detractors. To those impatient with such a prospective finale, who are anxious for a more original *dénouement*, we reply in consecrated phrase, "Wait and see." He is having his first holiday after ten years of unexampled public service, and he is a

different being to the weary Premier of nine months since. Trusted by the working classes to a degree shared by no other statesman, with a career self-made and not Press-made, he is, in our opinion, the one man who can negotiate peace, the plenipotentiary *par excellence* to represent Great Britain.* No one can picture Lords Curzon and Milner sitting at a democratic Peace Conference, while Sir Edward Carson's symbol is the hawk, not the dove.

Moreover—and this is counted to him for righteousness—our chief is cultivating the club habit. When the Press merely reflects the views of the Censor, and the expression of public opinion is restricted to shop stewards addressed by some "big-wig," the club—especially the political club—is a clearing-house for criticism of all kinds. In the Liberal Party this is the heyday of the Reform, and, like homing pigeons, ex-Ministers are returning to its shelter. Brooks's was all very well in the piping times of peace, when majorities were assured and the composition of a country house-party or the details of a shoot were more important than a division. Then A met B in Fox's old haunt, and all was for the best in the best of all possible worlds. But now in these stern times the realities are preferred to the fripperies of life, and "potent, grave, and reverend signiors" to worldlings. For leaders to meet the rank and file of their supporters on a spot where the tradition of Soyer still lingers is of advantage to both. It may be a substantial sacrifice to exchange the episcopal atmosphere of the Athenæum for the secular company two doors away, but it is politic in the extreme. Mr. Lloyd George, since he has thought it worth while to renew membership abandoned in dramatic fashion some few years ago over a contretemps to a candidate of his, would be well advised to put in an appearance one luncheon time at 104, Pall Mall. There, under the direct eye of his own Food Controller, he might probe the idealistic soul of Mr. Joseph King, and over coffee and cigars fraternise with the "Abingdon Street Gang" and counter them at leisure.

One thing Mr. Lloyd George does not mean to do, and that is cut himself off completely from the Liberal Party and its leader. Willingly would he welcome that leader into his particular fold. It is an open secret that Mr. Asquith has been offered the position of Leader of the House without portfolio or membership of the War Cabinet, and he could have the Lord Chancellorship to-morrow if he so desired. For the Premier's association with the Unionist Party is only a temporary expedient. What has his mercurial Celtic temperament, a temperament that can settle the future of the recruiting question between its possessor's car and the railway carriage, in common with traditional Toryism? Mr. Bonar Law's post-bag tells him daily what the country stalwarts think of an alliance that already has committed them to the Reform Bill—the nightmare of their political lives—and for which the Corn Production Bill is only a slight set-off. As for the project with which he is credited of forming a party of his own, Mr. Lloyd George knows well enough that he has only succeeded in attaching the weaker vessels to his cause, men who, with few exceptions, could not have hoped for high office under their former chief. Besides, if the wheel of office came full circle, who knows but they would return to their former allegiance? Mr. Lloyd George has gone back to Walpole's theory of government, the theory of placemen. By the multiplication of departments, Ministers, and Under-Secretaries he has nearly one hundred votes in his pocket, sufficient to carry the closure.

Yet, despite this, his hold on power is precarious. "Let's get on with the war" was the cry on the strength of which he obtained power. Well and good; but the implied contract between the House of Commons—not the country; that was never consulted—and the new Premier was that the war should be got on with to such effect that the late autumn would see the end of it. Mr. Lloyd George must

"deliver the goods" or fall. Should a fourth winter campaign loom up as inevitable, 10, Downing Street will receive another tenant, and, as we think, the brother-in-law of one.

We Liberals are nothing if not critical—self-critical. The beam in our own eye is as much an object of interest as the mote in our brother's. Mr. Montagu sitting on the steps of Downing Street, Mr. Ian Macpherson at Question Time looking for Truth in her well, Mr. J. M. Hogge exuberantly effervescent—we devote as much attention to these phenomena as does the *Morning Post*. Limited as we are to a single saccharine tablet, discussion of them sweetens our post-prandial coffee, and after 2.30 acts as a liqueur. But we have our loyalties, and none more enduring than for the man who brought his country into the Great War and will, if need be, steer her successfully out.

THE ANNEXATION OF IRELAND.

I WAS dog tired, and had already fallen asleep before the Irish mail whizz-banged through Willesden one autumn night. It may have been the thundering passage of the Menai Bridge that set me dreaming when the heaviest of my sleep was past. Anyhow, this is what I dreamt:

America would never have come into the war unless we had promised to speed up Home Rule and liberate the Sinn Feiners, and America, having thus assumed the rôle of Benevolent Protector of the greater part of the island, became in a measure responsible for its good behaviour. But, far from behaving better, the Irish malcontents grew more unmanageable, more exacting, more offensive than ever. "It is your fault," said Mr. Lloyd George to President Wilson over the latter's private transatlantic telephone wire, "that Ireland is what she is at present, and it's up to you to provide a remedy for her many disorders. What can you suggest?"

"If like really cured like, as homœopaths assert," replied the Professor, "we might do worse than repatriate a million or so of our Hibernian politicians. There'd be a blaze of sorts, but some of the rubbish might get burnt up."

"Think of something else," said the Premier. "I don't care for homœopathic doses just now. This trouble calls for a heroic remedy."

Two days elapsed before the President rang up.

"Will you give us Ireland?" he asked abruptly.

"Give you what?" shouted Mr. Lloyd George.

"Ireland, the island. We can take it away bodily."

"What do you want for the job?"

"We'll do it for nothing. Newport's played out, and so is Bar Harbour, and the Adirondacks are just full of excursionists. Our millionaires want a fresh playground with racing and hunting, shooting and fishing and golf, baronial halls, ruined castles and historical associations."

"Thank Heaven!" murmured the Premier in Welsh. "What about the inhabitants?" he added aloud.

"You can throw them in."

"Even the Ulstermen?"

"Particularly the Ulstermen. We like workers."

"But how and when can you do this?" enquired Mr. Lloyd George in growing amazement.

"Well, my private geologist assures me that Ireland is like Bermuda, a sort of mushroom with a fairly slender and quite brittle stem. When our next million of recruits gets across, the returning empties can tow Ireland back. A long, strong, and all together pull will break it off short—and there you are."

"I'll mention it to Bonar Law at once."

"But not to Carson," said the President hurriedly.

"Not unless Bonar Law insists upon it. These

Coalitions are the very mischief. But, I say, hold on a minute. What are we to do with the Lord Lieutenant?"

"Oh, I'd like the whole show turned over, lock, stock, and barrel. He's a rather picturesque peer, isn't he, and plays polo? Our plutocrats would like that, and would gladly pay him whatever salary you have been giving him."

Mr. Bonar Law was enchanted to hear of the President's suggestion, but refused his consent to the exclusion of Sir Edward Carson from the consultation to take place in Downing Street on the following day.

"Very well, then," said the Premier, "we must have Redmond. That makes four, and the First Lord, five, since he's politically a neutral. Besides, this is going to be something of a naval demonstration."

To everyone's surprise Sir Edward Carson raised no objection to the amputation of Ireland. It was Mr. Redmond who demurred.

"With the Irish vote in the United States increased by a few millions you might run for President," said the Premier with his most engaging smile.

"That's true," said the Irish leader thoughtfully. "I'd hoped to be King of Ireland, but the honour and glory of wearing a crown of emerald shamrocks would be discounted by the shortness of its tenure on my head, or that of my head on my shoulders. It isn't every President that's assassinated. Ah, well, I'm with you."

"I don't see what I'm here for," said the First Lord, "as I can't spare so much as a trawler from my rolling stock. So long as you hand me over all the material of the Ulster shipyards you may have everything else and welcome."

To this Mr. Redmond raised no objection, for it was nothing to him if the shipbuilders of the North were ruined, but it seemed strange that Sir Edward Carson should make no comment. Only the new First Lord saw the late First Lord wink.

A spell of fine weather was necessary for the gigantic operation undertaken by the American Fleet, and after the autumnal equinox a great array of battleships, cruisers, and liners, calculated to maintain a uniform speed of fourteen knots, mustered in Blacksod Bay. From Bloody Foreland in Donegal to Mizen Head in Cork they presently formed a line, and cables of a strength which had been subjected to unheard-of tests were laid out from the ships to the most suitable promontories on a coast bountifully supplied with Palæozoic rock. The inhabitants were naturally immensely excited. To sail forth on their own precious island and rejoin their emigrated relatives in America promised to be, for the bulk of them, a most delightful excursion, a holiday trip which would cost them nothing. The risk of sea sickness was negligible, and only those on the west coast would face the fury of the Atlantic waves, with which they were already familiar. In the northern province things were far otherwise. Black rage and bitter protest were common there, and nothing but the personal influence of Sir Edward Carson and his lieutenants prevented a general exodus of Ulster Protestants.

"Have I ever failed you?" asked Sir Edward. "No? Well, trust me still."

Special excursion trains had brought thousands of Ulster Catholics from all parts of the province. They clustered thickly on the cliffs of Donegal, and when the electric signal was at last given and, after a stupendous crack, the great team of ships steaming in line abreast got fairly under weigh, the frantic cheering from Bloody Foreland to Malin Head scared the very sea birds from their fishing ground.

Then the unexpected happened. Only the coastal fringe of Donegal came on in the wake of the ships, a fringe black with terrified human beings, who, looking behind them, saw with consternation an ever widening gulf between themselves and the mainland.

To the southward the rest of the green isle to which they were attached sailed steadily forward, but Ulster, from which they had been torn, held firmly to the solid basis of primeval rock which it shared with Scotland.

The Orangemen had done well to trust their leader. He had proved a better geologist than President Wilson's expert, and when Sir Eric Geddes heard the news of the partition of Ireland he knew why Sir Edward Carson had winked at him in Downing Street.

Slight mishaps to some of the towing ships prolonged the transit of the three provinces, but in seventeen days they were safely berthed some thirty miles off the New England coast. Even before the ships had cast off, or the underwater chains securing the island to the mainland of America had been got into position, the greater number of its inhabitants were provided with a first-class grievance. The east coast Irish deeply resented finding themselves so far from the mainland and facing the winter fury of the Atlantic, while those on the west coast were perfectly satisfied with the convenient access to the continent their position afforded. The President, bombarded with petitions from Dublin, Wexford, and Waterford to have the island turned round, was unexpectedly obdurate, nor would he, in response to a unanimous appeal, so much as change the name of New England to something more agreeable to Irish ears. Before long a colossal Donnybrook was raging on the island. Mr. Lynch was acclaimed Generalissimo of the West, Mr. Redmond of the East, and Professor Wilson, judging a policy of non-intervention wisest, recommended that the island be put into coventry or quarantine for a twelve month. If, at the close of that period, no *modus vivendi* had been arrived at, it would be cut loose to drift whithersoever the Atlantic currents should take it. Meanwhile a competent patrol of small craft would blockade its shores and its inhabitants be left to work out their own salvation—or damnation—self-supporting for once.

"Carry your traps on board, sir?" asked the porter who threw open my carriage door at Holyhead jetty.

"No, thank you," I stammered, only half awake. "I've changed my mind; I don't want to go to America." And, seizing my kit-bag and dressing-case, I took my way to the Royal Hotel.

I. M. P.

IN MEMORIAM E. L. B.

(Guillemont, 18 August 1916),

and to the undying glory of the flower of England fallen in Picardy.

οἶδε πάτρας ἔνεκα σφετέρως εἰς δῆριν ᾤθεοντο
ὄπλα, καὶ ἀντιπάλων ὕβριν ἀπεσκίδανται.

In Demosthenes, "De Coroná."

THESE rose respondent to their country's call,
And, of their bounty, freely lavished all:

Youth, beauty, strength, the future's golden dream,
And life itself, ungrudged, in crimson stream.
Not trained to arms, they faced the exulting foe,
Withstood his onset, laid his legions low,
In England's cause, lest she, loved Motherland,
Should brook dishonour at a conqueror's hand.
In victory's full tide they sank to rest,
So lulled for ever on fair France's breast.
Thou land of grace and letters, Queen of Art,
Polished of speech and manners, of knightly heart,
Oh! clasp them close, dear France! for both they died,

Both share alike the sorrow and the pride.
With thine own sons in deathless fame they lie—
What pompous sepulchre with theirs may vie?
Triumphant in our tears, 'tis ours to say:
England is richer by our loss to-day.

E. C. B.

CORRESPONDENCE.

ITALY'S WAR AIMS.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

8 August 1917.

SIR,—Permit me a short comment upon your article of 28 July 1917, which demands that, contrary to the principle of the self-determination of small nations, the greater part of the Jugo-Slav nation should remain under Habsburg domination and a considerable part be handed over to an Italian domination. The article admits that the cause of this war is largely to be sought in the "Eastern Question" because of the political and national instability. But in place of a just solution, which can only be attained by the dismemberment of Austria-Hungary and the complete liberation of the subject nationalities, it proposes to introduce yet further instability, yet worse complications, by bringing—beside Austria-Hungary—Italy likewise to the Balkans. Your article condemns the agitation for the partition of Austria, on the grounds that it weakens the "peace party" in that country. It would seem that the writer believes in the existence of a party in Austria-Hungary which is for peace with the Entente and against Germany. In the meantime such a party is non-existent among the factors which determine the policy of Austria, because the subject nationalities, which desire liberation, are allowed no voice at all in the foreign policy of the State. There is only a great Austrian intrigue for peace in complete understanding with Berlin, and the agents of this intrigue are the pro-German and Magyar chauvinists. They have launched into the world the phrase of the "democratisation of Austria." For the originators of this intrigue this sham "democratisation" means nothing but minor concessions in internal and provincial affairs without any influence on the directive of the State policy. The Habsburgs and Austria-Hungary will, even after the said "democratisation," remain in close relation with Germany. In this bond lies the strength of Pan-Germanism. The existence of Austria-Hungary opens the way to the East to Pan-Germanism. Only by the dismemberment of Austria-Hungary can Pan-Germanism receive its death-blow.

In the light of this idea the Jugo-Slav question, too, finds its proper place. The Germans realise this very clearly. For this reason the Deputy Zenker, of the Vienna Parliament, wrote an article in the "Vossische Zeitung" of 19 March 1917, in which he says: "Either its solution will be achieved with the help of the Austro-Hungarian monarchy and within it, or outside of it and against it . . . There is no other question which touches the vital nerve of Austria-Hungary so closely as this one. . . . But this same Jugo-Slav question is also closely bound up with the vital interests of the German Empire and the free road of allied Mitteleuropa to the East. . . . A solution hostile to Austria of the Jugo-Slav question would therefore strike at the vital interests of Germany also, and in any case such a solution would relegate the great idea of Mitteleuropa to the realm of things utopian. How the incorporation of Serbia and Montenegro will affect the state-constitutional structure of Austria-Hungary is a question of secondary importance. For Austria this incorporation is a vital question, to which all state-constitutional problems must be subsidiary; for Germany this question means the realisation of that great war aim which is called 'Mitteleuropa.'"

Against this conception of Mitteleuropa there must be built up a strong conception against Mitteleuropa—i.e., a solution of the Jugo-Slav question outside Austria-Hungary and against her. But in that case the Italian pretensions to Jugo-Slav territory, which your article defends, likewise fall to the ground. Your contributor admits that the Italians are moving towards annexation and imperialism, and against "the luxury of a sentimental war." Italy demands strategic advantages. This is a formula which can be made to justify any conquest. To-morrow they may demand further territories for the strategic security of Istria and Dalmatia. It would seem, however, as if Italy's best strategic security lies in the dissolution of

Austria-Hungary and in friendly relations with the Jugo-Slav State. The Italians wish "to obtain some footing in certain other houses in their neighbourhood." Have their neighbours, then, no right to be "masters in their own house"? Your article considers that Serbia is asking too much when she claims all the Jugo-Slav lands and permits her an outlet on the sea. It is not at all a question of territorial aspirations of Serbia, but of the desire of a nation to be free and united and of Serbia as the legitimate representative of this desire. We are not asking for an outlet on the Adriatic, because we have lived beside that sea for more than a thousand years. Serbia is not conquering us, but we desire to be united with Serbia. This is the very principle upon which Italy was founded, the principle which was proclaimed in the war programme of the Entente. The Kingdom of Sardinia was likewise small and weak when it placed itself at the head of Italian national unification. It is true that Serbia is utterly despoiled because of her superhuman sacrifices for the common cause of all the Allies and for our national unification. But no loyal Ally would adduce that as an argument against the realisation of the very desire for the sake of which she has been brought to this pass. Is martyrdom for an idea to preclude the right to the realisation of that idea?

Italy is not fighting against Austria in order that Serbia may acquire the hegemony in south-eastern Europe! Quite so. Only this line of argument is quite out of place, for neither Serbia nor the rest of the Jugo-Slavs crave for any hegemony anywhere, but only their national unity. And the above statement might very justly be answered by saying that neither is Serbia fighting against Austria in order that, besides Austria, Italy, too, should come to the Balkans.

Your article suggests that Serbia should be content to repair the desolation to which she has been brought by the war, and he says that "her peasants ask no more." I doubt whether the peasant of Sardinia desires the conquest. But the Serbian peasant has shown what he thinks of our national unification. Serbia is pre-eminently a peasant State. There is a fair number of peasants even in the Parliament. And this peasant Parliament already in 1914 proclaimed it to be the national task of Serbia to unite all Serbs, Croats, and Slovenes. And if it is a question of the direct interests of the peasantry, regardless of the national aspect of the question, then we ought to consider the interests of the peasantry of Dalmatia and Istria.

This peasantry has already had an opportunity of experiencing the closer economic ties with Italy. The old commercial treaty between Austria and Italy contained the so-called wine clause, which gave great concessions to the import of Italian wines. This wine clause brought the peasantry of Dalmatia and Istria pretty well to the verge of economic ruin. That a Slav peasantry subject to Italy would not experience any tender consideration from Italy's economic policy is more than certain. We have already read the projects for the colonisation of the conquered territories by Italians.

It is a matter of taste when your collaborator calls us a "half-baked" nation; but it is a matter of knowledge when he classes us, together with the Roumanians and Albanians, as a Slavo-Turanic mixture.

Yours faithfully,

JOVAN BANJANIN,

Late Member of the Croatian Diet and
Member of the Jugo-Slav Committee.

A NATION'S SONGS AND LAWS.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

SIR,—The famous maxim you quote last week without ascribing it to any definite author declares that "if a man were permitted to make all the ballads he need not care who should make the laws of a nation." It occurs in a dialogue written by Fletcher of Saltoun concerning Government (1704). The said Fletcher was a most factious Scot, being described by his tutor, Bishop Burnet, as "a most violent republican, and extremely passionate."

There are no ballads to-day, and the nearest approach to them, music-hall songs, have, I imagine, no political influence, though a while since there was a protest in the Liberal Press against the invariably Conservative tone of political references on the stage. But, silly as most of the effusions are which make fortunes for popular idols of what is called, I believe, the "illegitimate" stage, they make their mark on the language in an extraordinary way to-day, when everybody who wants a hearing descends to slang. When the Americans have got well into the war and the favour of journalists, I wonder if any of the English language will be left at all? PEDANT.

THE STUPIDITY OF THE GERMANS.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

SIR,—In reading slowly and digesting the "Memoirs of Prince Hohenlohe" one fact strikes the reader very strongly. The Prince was liberal in his ideas and could recognise, in exceptional cases, power to command and govern in some not belonging to his own class. But he regarded the mass of the people as a mere flock of sheep to be shepherded by their rulers in all things, even in religion.

Just now I have come across the following, which may be worth recording; the Prince was at dinner, sitting next to the Crown Princess (1873):—

"'I do not underestimate,' I said to her, 'the importance of educating the people, but the party against which we are fighting would oppose all popular education if it were not confined within their (ultramontane) limits.' The Princess then said: 'I count upon the intelligence of the people; that is a great power.' I answered thereupon: 'A much greater power is human stupidity, of which we must take account in our calculations before everything'" (Vol. II., p. 85).

Is it not possible that the failure of German diplomacy has resulted from too great reliance on the principle enunciated by Prince Hohenlohe?

Your obedient servant,

F. C. CONSTABLE.

HAVE THE ENGLISH PEOPLE TAKEN LEAVE OF THEIR SENSES?

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW

7 August 1917.

SIR,—We have just completed the third year of the greatest war the world has ever known, and how much longer it may continue no one—not even the members of the War Cabinet—can tell. It is evident that one result will be a National Debt of some six thousand millions, if not more; and some thoughtful people seem to doubt whether any taxation the country can bear will pay the interest on this immense sum and our other current expenses. Under these circumstances economy in the public services should surely be a first necessity; but we hear nothing of it. In addition to many other extravaganzas on the part of the Government, Parliament is now discussing a Corn Production Bill, which appears likely to leave a heavy charge on the Exchequer, a huge national housing scheme on an uneconomic basis is vehemently urged, and the Government propose to introduce a Bill which will seriously increase the cost of national education.

These may or may not be all very good in their way, but can the nation at present afford the additional expenditure they will entail?

Is it not time we asked ourselves the question at the head of this letter? I am, Sir, etc.,

ECONOMIST.

"THE LUXURY OF WOMEN."

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

Kirkdale Vicarage, Nawton, R.S.O., Yorks.

13 August 1917.

SIR,—A fair and sound judgment has hitherto been the keynote of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

Surely it is a little out of tune when it states, as it did in last week's issue, that the war and its duration are

caused by men's desire to acquire wealth for the bedecking of their womenfolk with furs and jewels.

Are we to understand that men have no other motive power for obtaining money?

It is, unfortunately, true that there are instances of glaring extravagance amongst women with regard to dress, but this is a form of extravagance which is noticeable to the eyes of all, whereas the expenditure, both on the turf and in various excesses and indulgences of the opposite sex are only seen when the Bankruptcy Court demands an explanation.

"The wisest man that ever lived" had a court of such magnificence that the Queen of Sheba returned to her kingdom downcast and dispirited at the utter eclipse her splendour had sustained.

In Beau Brummel's day the words "fop" and "exquisite" were in great vogue, but I know of no feminine equivalent for them. The costly lace and jewelled buckles and sticks of that period would call forth derision instead of admiration if used by the men of to-day—where, then, is the virtue of their abandoning them?

Surely an unprejudiced outlook shows that there is no sex, nor age, nor even class, that has not its own extravagance, though some are of necessity more on the surface than others—why, then, put the blame of this hideous war on we poor womenfolk, who do not pretend to be anything but "the weaker vessel"? Yours truly,

LILIAN H. POWELL.

"WINDSOR."

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

Formosa Fishery, Cookham.

SIR,—I believe "Snoot" is right. Hedsor is the "Head Shore," where the Thames turns to the south to compass the rear of the Chiltern Hills. Windsor is the shore where it winds back into its easterly course.

Professor Skeat had a fancy that Saxon place names were all proper names of the owners at some date. But on the contrary they are often descriptive. Thus he told me that "Odney" was the island that belonged once to someone of the name of Odda. But York Powell no doubt gave the true meaning: "The Islands in the Corner"—that is, the Hedsor bend, or "odd." GEORGE YOUNG.

THE JUGO-SLAV PROPAGANDA.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

45, Stanhope Gardens, London, S.W.7.

9 August 1917.

DEAR SIR,—Having seen in your issue of the 4th inst. the paragraph stating: "We should like to know who is financing the very active pro-Serbian-Jugo-Slav propaganda that is being carried on":

We beg to inform you that, as far as the Yugoslav Committee and its work of propaganda is concerned, its financial support is derived from Yugoslav emigrants, chiefly those Dalmatians in South America. The patriotism and spirit of self-sacrifice of these Dalmatian Yugoslavs is such that they are not only keeping up the amounts hitherto sent, but on our request to them to cover our budget for this year, which is three times that of last year, their telegraphic reply on 21 April was as follows: "Decided extraordinary meeting cover budget this year." In accordance with this decision we are now receiving from them about £1,200 a month. In addition to this we receive contributions from the Yugoslavs in Australia and New Zealand, who are nearly all Dalmatians, and from the Yugoslavs in North America.

All these subscriptions are duly published in the papers of their organisations, and the contributors are highly esteemed by the inhabitants of the respective countries on account of their great patriotism.

If you desire to have further details we are quite ready to furnish them.

As your enquiry was publicly made in your paper, we would be obliged if you would publish this reply to the same.

Yours faithfully,

FOR THE JUGOSLAV COMMITTEE,
DR. M. MIČIĆ.

REVIEWS.

THE PACIFISM OF MR. LOWES DICKINSON.

"The Choice Before Us." By G. Lowes Dickinson.
George Allen & Unwin. 6s.

WE have always regarded Mr. Lowes Dickinson as one of the most powerful and persuasive of living publicists. We regret that his pen is not an instrument of defence for the Tory Party. Unfortunately, the Devil has not only all the best tunes but many of the best singers. "The Choice Before Us" is one of Mr. Dickinson's best written and best reasoned performances, with much of which everybody must agree. Let us say at once, to avoid misunderstanding, that Mr. Dickinson has no pacific solution of the present situation to advocate. He has no terms of peace to urge upon either the Entente or the Central Powers. He argues about general principles, and his book may be read without loss of temper, if without conviction, by the most ardent militarist. Mr. Dickinson paints with ghastly detail the horrors of "the next war," in which the germs of deadly diseases are to be added to poisonous gas and liquid fire as ordinary weapons, and in which whole cities like London and Berlin are to be totally destroyed in a few hours from the air. He insists, without exaggeration in our judgment, upon the brutalisation of the human character by the constant preparation for war; and he proves, we think indisputably, that unless there is a change in the commercial and diplomatic methods of European States, and unless there is a change in the minds of governing men, this preparation for war must be followed by the waging of war within ten or twenty years after any peace that may be made between the present belligerents. It is an appalling conclusion, but it is, we fear, true. If, for instance, after a peace on whatever terms, there is to follow an economic war, in which Germany and Austria are to be boycotted by tariffs and navigation laws forbidding German ships to enter British ports or to coal at British coaling stations, what more certain than that there will be another war as soon as German and Austrian babies have grown into men? Yet an economic war appears to be the object of the Paris Conference. What does all this mean but a new Alliance and a new Counter-Alliance? And how do we know how long we can count on maintaining the present Coalition? France we shall always have with us, but Russia will go to Germany; and can we always count on Italy and Belgium, where powerful German pecuniary influences are at work? We must admit that Mr. Lowes Dickinson makes out a gloomy case for the continuance of wars, unless the present war changes the minds of men. Will it?

We agree with Mr. Dickinson that of all the causes of war, the spirit of militarism, the growth of population, and economic competition, the last is the most powerful. Germany was spoilt by the shortness and easy success of her three wars in the last century—the war on the Duchies in 1861, the war with Austria in 1866, and the war with France in 1870. Each of these wars was decided in a few weeks, and each was a walk-over for Prussia. The Franco-German war brought a large money indemnity and two new and very rich provinces to Germany. A period of frantic commercial expansion followed, which brought in its turn speculation, over-trading, and inflation of bank credits. The financial situation and the heavy taxation entailed by the naval and military preparation made war almost a necessity. Thinking, as her spies told her, that Great Britain was played out, unprepared, and absorbed in parochial politics, Germany made her grab at the wealth of the world. Mr. Dickinson nurses the belief, not very strongly it seems to us, that wars may be prevented by a system of international leagues and international councils of conciliation. The trouble is, of course, not to frame a code of laws or to set up a Court to decide cases. That has been done before, and may be done again with better chance of success. The difficulty is, how

are the decisions of the Court to be enforced? When a citizen breaks a municipal law he is haled before the judge, and after sentence has to pay the penalty. How is an offending nation to be made to pay the penalty of aggressiveness? Mr. Dickinson is quite clear that internationalism can effect nothing unless all the Great Powers are members of the League. He says plainly that if Germany and Austria are to be left out of this League the thing is hopeless, and there is a vista of wars before us. He also argues with much force that if the Entente Powers persist in waging an economic war against the Central European Powers, then the economic must be followed by a military war. We are not sure that nations will ever be governed by an international code of conduct. But we see no reason why efforts should not be made in that direction, and why at least one of Mr. Dickinson's suggestions should not be tried, that, namely, of councils of conciliation, which should intervene between quarrellers with friendly advice after hearing the points in dispute. Every thinking man and woman should read Mr. Dickinson's book, which is a series of powerful arguments, written by a most accomplished disputant, in favour of a combined endeavour by the civilised world to put an end to war. There is, however, one indispensable condition to the success of Mr. Dickinson's ideas—international Leagues must be in the hands of responsible statesmen, and not under the control of the secret societies or led by cosmopolitan anarchists.

THE GLAMOUR OF THE PAST.

"The Golden Age of the Early English Church." By Sir Henry Howorth. John Murray. 3 vols. 12s. each.

WITH these finely printed and finely illustrated volumes Sir Henry Howorth brings his researches into early English Church History to a close. His endeavour, he explains, has been "to analyse its early sources and to unriddle its difficulties and obscurities in greater accordance with modern scientific methods than do some popular guides;" and, thus, to remove a reproach from English scholarship of being, in this period of our national story, behind Continental historians in its methods of writing history.

It may at once be said that he has so far succeeded in his purpose that no serious student of Church history can henceforth afford to overlook these volumes. They will assuredly also be no less welcome to the archaeologist and the ordinary reader for the light which they throw on this fascinating period of our early Church. They also serve to remind us of what needs remembering to-day, the age and grandeur of our national history.

The ground covered in these volumes extends from the coming of Theodore to the death of Bede. It includes that great missionary movement in the North which, starting from Columba's home in Iona, spread throughout Northumbria, Mercia, and the provinces of the East Saxons; and which established at Lindisfarne, Durham, Monkwearmouth, and Jarrow those famous centres of learning and of the religious life which gave to this period such peculiar lustre and began the long and splendid succession of scholars and churchmen.

The delicate task of combining this flourishing church in the North with the church of Augustine in the South, under the jurisdiction of Canterbury, was accomplished by Archbishop Theodore. This remarkable man, who brought with him to Canterbury the learning and models of the Eastern church, was peculiarly fitted to win the trust and obedience of his ardent fellow-churchmen in the North. He possessed the three inestimable gifts of organisation, piety, and scholarship. Under his wise rule dioceses were divided, and parishes were largely increased, being formed generally along the boundaries of manors. Also those famous monastic schools were founded or encouraged which spread the knowledge of Greek and formed that

band of scholars, which held its own against the universities of Spain and Italy, and of which the most famous names were Aldhelm, Alcuin, Bede, and Theodore himself; and which had such munificent patrons in Benedict Biscop and Wilfred; while the great religious house of St. Hilda's at Whitby produced the first singer in the English tongue who has come down to us, Cædmon. Green, writing of this period, could say, "Her schools, her libraries, her poetry, had no rivals in the Western World."

Under the influence, then, especially of Theodore at home, and of those indefatigable travellers Benedict Biscop and Wilfred, who brought back with them the new ideas which were stirring in Europe, and returned laden with art treasures and books for the monasteries and churches which they had founded, Church life began to take a new aspect. New churches began to spring up, religious houses were built with manors attached. Noble libraries were formed, especially the great library at Monkwearmouth, vessels of gold and silver, lamps, rich vestments and embroideries, illuminated manuscripts, glass windows, all were employed in profusion to enrich the services of the churches or adorn their sanctuaries. Benedict Biscop also taught and encouraged music and chanting as practised at St. Peter's. He also was careful to bring back with him paintings "for the edification of those who entered the church and were ignorant of letters"; also a great store of reputed relics which, says Bede, "proved profitable to many a church in England". At home also schools of handicraftsmen sprang up. In addition to the famous schools of illumination in Ireland and Northumbria—which produced the Lindisfarne Manuscript of which these volumes contain some fine illustrations—workers of stone and precious metals began to abound, while missionaries and teachers went out to spread the Faith in other lands, especially in Germany.

Together with this spread of education a new equality was slowly arising, to which much of the glory and greatness of those days was due, an equality of opportunity, of training and education, in the monastic schools, which threw open to all alike the great posts of Church and State.

But religion had a dark as well as a bright side. The corruption which was prevalent in secular life rapidly invaded the religious houses. Crowds of men and women, unfitted either to bear the austerities of the religious life or to understand the high ideals for which these monasteries had been founded, began to enter their precincts and to take the solemn vows which, too frequently, they had no intention of observing. To whom Bede applied the common proverb: "Though the wasps indeed build cells, yet they do not treasure up honey in them, but only poison".

But this attraction of the "religious" life did not end only in corruption within; it led to a dangerous weakness without. In little over a century no fewer than eight English kings took the habit. Bede remarks that many of the "nobility and private persons, laying aside their weapons, incline to accept the tonsure and dedicate both themselves and their children to monastic vows rather than to exercise themselves in military matters. What will be the end thereof the next age will shew". The end, nearer and more terrible than he foresaw, came with the incursions of the Danes, which swept that age away with its treasures of sanctity and learning; and destroyed with fire and sword the churches, abbeys, and monasteries which it had built, and the libraries it had founded, which, apparently, it no longer had the manliness to defend. How great this loss to civilisation was may be seen by an example: "The appalling destruction of literary documents caused by the Danes in their ravages of Britain cannot be exaggerated", writes Sir Henry Howorth. "Nearly all the materials of this kind which existed at the time of their invasion were preserved in the monasteries, and we can almost count on the fingers of one hand the monasteries that then escaped . . . In Northumbria where the destruction

was most complete, not a single document has survived from this period except a few quoted by Bede".

Moreover, beneath this transient gleam there lay a dense mass of ignorance and superstition on which, as on a hotbed, the cult of miracles grew. These volumes perform a useful task in stripping away these, to us, frivolous accretions, which in those days held the minds of men in a dark prison house. No one to-day values these venerable saints one whit less or more because their chroniclers gravely assert that St. Fursey had certain visions which were in great repute, or that the flesh of this or that saint remained uncorrupted in the tomb, or the relics of this or that saint had a magical potency to cure diseases, or that the body of a certain St. Baldred was triplicated, to provide for each of his three churches. Such miracles naturally grow up around all religions. Their growth has become a recognised feature in religious psychology. They doubtless served a purpose in preserving much that otherwise might have been destroyed, but their loss is nowadays no more to us than as if a restorer had removed a disfiguring coat of varnish from an old master.

These volumes contain some valuable appendices, notably one on the famous Memorial Crosses of the North, of which there are many fine illustrations. The book is completed by a full index.

SCENES OF RUSSIAN COURT LIFE.

"Scenes of Russian Court Life: being the Correspondence of Alexander I. with his Sister Catherine." Translated by Henry Havelock. Edited with an Introduction by the Grand Duke Nicholas. Jarrold. 15s. net.

WHEN Alexander I. of Russia remarked, in conversation with Madame de Staël, that he was "a lucky accident" he uttered one of those half-truths which arrest attention chiefly because they are paradoxical.

In point of fact there was little that could be accurately defined as lucky in the life and character of Alexander. Snatched in the hour of birth from his mother's arms by the command of his despotic grandparent (Catherine the Great); his studies arrested at seventeen by the marriage she arranged for him; haunted through life by the memory of his father's tragic end; without fixed principles, without conjugal happiness or disinterested friends, his very graces were his enemies, and the hopes aroused by his early promise remained largely unfulfilled. Whatever the weak points of his character, however, Alexander successfully played a leading part on the stage of *haute politique*. His reign of twenty-four years' duration was crowded with important events within and without the frontiers of his Empire, and his share in compassing the downfall of Napoleon made him more popular in this country than any foreign potentate, perhaps, before or since. But the brilliant web of Alexander's destiny became lustreless in his eyes when he was robbed by death of those most dear to him—his adored child, Sophia, the daughter of Maria Narishkin, and Catherine, his favourite sister, who, shortly before her decease at the age of thirty, became Queen of Württemberg.

The portions of his correspondence with the Grand-Duchess Catherine, now for the first time published in English, date from the autumn of 1805, the year of Austerlitz. The last but one of the Tsar's missives was written from Aix-la-Chapelle, while he was attending the Congress held there in October, 1818, so that the period covered by these letters is one of the most critical and interesting in the history of Europe. Still, the volume, taken as a whole, is of less interest to the historian than to the psychologist and student of manners, and the title itself is somewhat misleading. The references made to the life of the Court by Alexander and his sister are few and brief, but the Tsar, whose personality has presented many problems to his biographers, is revealed alike in the letters he writes

and those which he receives as intelligent, observant, and well-intentioned, but wanting in will power, constitutionally unequal to the demands and difficulties of his position, and seeking relief alternately in domestic interests, in love affairs, and religious mysticism.

The Grand Duchess, on the other hand, shows herself quick-witted, impetuous, and self-willed; capable of strong affections and resentments. She alternately caresses, cajoles, upbraids, and importunes her Imperial brother, the "affable monarch," who is always accessible to her requests, patient under her reproaches, and responsive to her endearments. Sometimes Alexander addresses her by the loving diminutives which abound in the Russian language. She is his "Biskis Bisiamovna," his "Bisiam," his "absurd little mad thing," but in later years she is most often his "dear, sweet friend."

From 1805 to 1807 we find no mention of Napoleon's conquests, but there are frequent allusions to the matrimonial projects of the youthful Grand Duchess. At one time she is fired with the ambition to become Empress of Austria, and is impatient with her brother, who regards the Emperor as a *parti* with considerable disfavour. We glean the nature of his criticisms from passages in Catherine's letter. "Mother was good enough to show me your letter in answer to that on the match with Emperor Francis. Among the reasons you might urge against it, *virtue* certainly never occurred to me. . . . I admire your going and fishing up a peccadillo of fifteen years back, and another of perhaps twenty. He is old, dirty, ugly; old, so you say! Ugly! I can boldly give the lie to anyone who says a man's handsome face ever impressed me. If dirty I should wash him." The matter does not seem to have progressed far beyond this stage, and of the "whole breed of princes" described by the Grand Duchess's lively pen as "of three kinds, fools, but good; wits, but wicked; and lacklands," she ultimately found a consort in Prince George of Holstein Oldenburg. Two years previous to this marriage the treaty of Tilsit had been concluded, which deprived Russia of her Polish provinces, while at the same time Alexander took possession of some Polish lands. His short-lived friendship with Napoleon caused dismay among many of his subjects, and the Grand Duchess made no secret of her feelings on the subject. "Since you give me your leave to speak thus . . . I will tell you I shall not resign myself to this peace unless the rumours of the town are realised—to wit, if we made great and handsome gains, the Vistula for frontier towards Prussia, and the Danube towards Turkey, for apart from that we shall reap only the shame of siding with a man against whom we have cried out with justice, while Russia gains not the least real benefit or honour. . . . While I live I shall not get used to the idea that you spend your days with Bonaparte. . . . All the coaxing he has tried on the nation is only so much trickery, for the man is a blend of cunning, personal ambition, and falseness." This opinion was shared by the Empress-Mother, Maria Feodorovna, who showed herself bitterly opposed to the proposal of marriage between Napoleon and her youngest daughter, Anna. Alexander's arguments in favour of the match were dictated by patriotism. "The man's personal qualities are against it," but "the results of a refusal will be bitterness, ill-will, plotting in petty matters, for that is what the man's like when he's hurt. If he chooses the Arch-Duchess he will join hands with Austria, and rouse it up expressly for our hurt. . . . If unpleasant results follow our refusal what will our nation say? . . ." After

some delay a reply of an evasive tenor was despatched to Napoleon, pleading the youth of the Grand Duchess as a reason for postponing a definite consent. In the meantime Napoleon, impatient of such cavalier treatment, made a formal demand for the hand of Maria Louisa, daughter of the Emperor of Austria, and was immediately accepted.

The Tsar and his family were at the same time relieved and affronted.

The evacuation of Moscow by Rostopchin and the entry of Napoleon into the ancient capital was a cruel blow to Russia. The Grand Duchess, beside herself with rage, wrote to her brother that he inspired no confidence in his troops, and would do more harm than good by commanding in person, and that having "left those commanding in a perfect indecision," he had escaped disaster really by a miracle. Alexander's reply was a model of self-restraint. "As for me, dear friend, all I can answer for is my heart, my intentions, and my zeal for all that can conduce to the good and profit of my country, according to my best belief. As to talent, perhaps I may be lacking in it, but it cannot be acquired: it is a boon of Nature. . . . With such poor backing as I have, devoid of tools in all directions, guiding such a vast machine in such a terrible crisis and against an infernal opponent who to the most awful rascality unites the most transcendent talent, and is seconded alike by the whole power of Europe and by a band of men of talent formed during twenty years of war and revolution, folks will be forced to own in common justice that it is not astonishing if I meet with reverses."

The letters are supplemented by an entertaining extract from the Memoirs of Princess Lieven, wife of the Russian Ambassador to the Court of St. James, describing the visit of the Tsar and his sister to the British capital in 1814. The Grand Duchess, then a young widow with no mean opinion of her personal attractions, had elected to pass the spring and summer months of that year in London. She expected to make an easy conquest of the Regent, and his marked indifference to her charms aroused her lively resentment. She spared no pains to prejudice her brother against him, and on the Tsar's arrival a battle of pin-pricks ensued. The Grand Duchess reserved her pleasant manners for the people most hostile to the Court, and showed marked discourtesy to the Regent's mistress, the Marchioness of Hertford. The Tsar followed suit. Things went as badly as possible, and the visit, from which so much had been expected, bore to the end the seal of vexation and bitterness. Six months later the famous secret treaty against Russia was signed at Vienna by France, Austria, and England.

The effect of the letters as a whole is to enlist our sympathies in favour of the most humane and large-hearted of autocrats, and to enable us to realise his difficulties, his limitations, and the causes which led to the retrograde policy of his later years. The preface, contributed by the Grand-Duke Nicholas, contains much that is of interest *à propos* of Mme. Krudener, the Livonian prophetess, who for some years exercised considerable influence over Alexander, and also regarding the Grand Duchess Catherine, to whose intimate relations with the Tsar, her brother, we are indebted for this volume.

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A NECESSARY PÆAN.

"Towards the Goal." By Mrs. Humphry Ward, with an Introduction by Theodore Roosevelt. John Murray. 2s. 6d. net.

MRS. WARD'S famous uncle, Mr. Matthew Arnold, was fond of rebuking us for our habit of self-glorification; but we suppose that war justifies us in patting ourselves on the back. Self-praise in peace is foolish enough; in war it may be defended as a record of sacrifices. After all, it is not Mrs. Ward, but Mr. Roosevelt, who strikes the keynote of this book in the opening sentence of his introduction: "England has in this war reached a height of achievement loftier than that which she attained in the struggle with Napoleon." And Mrs. Ward tells us that the letters are written not for Englishmen but as "a general account for Americans." From this point of view the volume deserves nothing but praise. It is an account of Mrs. Ward's second visit to the Western front, written with all her skilful arrangement and vivid description. Certainly the British Navy, as the watch-dog, requires no better praise than a bare record of the facts, viz.: Eight million men moved across the sea; nine and a half million tons of explosives carried; over a million horses and mules and 47,000,000 gallons of petrol supplied to the Armies; and 25,000 ships examined for contraband. Mrs. Ward visited the Vimy Ridge, Albert, La Boisselle, Ovillers, Senlis, Varedes, Nancy, and Gerbéviller, and she believes that these places, or some of them, will be the scenes of future pilgrimages. We are not so sure of that. This war has been on so vast a scale, the theatre is so wide and scattered, that the whole effect is blurred and the battles enveloped in their own clouds of smoke. The German barbarities at Senlis and Gerbéviller are powerfully told and added to the long catalogue of crimes for which the Kaiser will have to answer some day at the bar of history, if not before a mortal tribunal. We do not agree with Mrs. Ward or General Smuts or Mr. Lloyd George about the Russian revolution, which will probably retard the civilisation of Russia by about half a century. But we hope that the writer and her friends at the G.H.Q. are right in thinking that the war will be decided, if not finished, this year. It is well that books like "Towards the Goal" should be written and read; they fix events in our memories which would otherwise be crowded out by new happenings.

THE CITY.

"The labour of the foolish wearieth every one of them, because he knoweth not how to go to the city."—Ecclesiastes.

TO add to the pleasures of the coming winter there is some prospect of a tea famine. As the profit on rubber is larger than that on tea, the plantation companies prefer to use the tonnage available for the shipment of rubber, though we cannot drink rubber. Owing to the shortage of ships there is a congestion of tea in Colombo and Southern India, and the Ceylon Association in London has suggested to the plantation companies that they should reduce their output by 25 per cent. In the meantime there is a rationing or reduction of freights in British bottoms to the United Kingdom to two-thirds of last year's shipments. The whole tea business of Mincing Lane has been taken under the Government's paternal wing. All the tea imported is subjected to an arbitrary classification to which prices are attached. Class A (30 per cent. of the imports) must be sold at not more than 1s. a lb., ex-duty, of course; Class B (35 per cent. of the imports) must be sold at 1s. 2d. to 1s. 3d.; Class C (25 per cent. of the imports) must be sold at 1s. 5d. to 1s. 6d.; and the balance of 10 per cent. (the very finest tea) may be sold for what

it will fetch. This valuation is made by leading brokers subject to an advisory committee. The duty is 1s. per lb. weight. As 30 per cent. of the amount imported must be put in Class A and sold at 11d. to 1s., it is often necessary to take the finer teas out of Classes B, C, and D and put them into the cheapest category. To prevent what is absurdly called "profiteering" (as if that were not the object of all business), retailers are obliged to sell (duty paid) Class A at 2s. 4d., Class B at 2s. 8d., Class C at 3s., and Class D at any price over 3s. they can get. There is, however, nothing to prevent retailers from selling inferior tea (Class A) at 3s. a lb. and saying that it is Class C. Harassing as these regulations are, they are cheerfully accepted by Mincing Lane as preferable to the appointment of a new Government official to take over the tea trade.

Considering the very high price of paper and the rise in the wages of compositors and printers, the profits earned by the Amalgamated Press, Ltd., at the end of 1916 are certainly remarkable. In May the Ordinary shares received a dividend of 3s. on the £, and at the end of December 1916 they got 5s., making 40 per cent. for the year. The Amalgamated Press own the periodical and magazine business of Harmsworth as distinguished from their newspapers, which are owned by the Associated Press. If the company can maintain the dividends of 1916, Amalgamated shares, which stand at £4 5s., would yield a return of £9 9s. per cent.

The shares of the British Central Africa Company (capital £1,468,000) do not look dear at 6s. 6d., seeing that it owns 375,000 acres of land, of which 40,000 acres are now under cultivation and producing crops of cotton and tobacco. Nyassaland cotton has a reputation only second to Egyptian cotton, which just now is fetching very high prices. The company also holds 175,000 Second Debentures (5 per cent.) and all the Ordinary shares in the Shire Highland Railway of Nyassaland, which is doing well. The accounts for 1916 will be published in October, and some people believe that a dividend on the shares will be paid. However that may be, for those who believe in the future of Central Africa and who are not looking for immediate results the shares seem a fair speculative investment.

The high price of cotton has caused quite a brisk market in Egyptian land shares, particularly in Delta Lands and New Egyptians, the latter, which is doing well in land sales, having risen from 8s. to 14s.

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